The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCIII.] SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1824. [Price 2d.

Residence of Edward the Black Prince.

Through the kindness of a correspondent we are enabled to present our readers with a view of the country residence of Edward the Black Prince, which was taken so recently as last December. This house, where the hero of Poictiers and Cressy masticated, is situated at Prince's Risborough, in Buckinghamshire, and is now inhabited by Mr. Grace, who is land steward to Viscount Hampden. This house, which is of the architecture of the fourteenth century, rests its claim to notice on its antiquity and the associations connected with it, as the residence of Edward the Black Prince, who, as Rapin says truly, "became in his time the most illustrious and most accomplished prince England had ever produced." Edward was born at Woodstock, on the 15th of June, 1330. To write the life of this prince, would be to write the military history of the age in which he lived, as under him and his illustrious sire, Edward III. the arms of England were every where victorious, and the military glory of the country raised to the highest pitch. He was not called the Black Prince on account of his wearing black armour, as Rapin and tradition assert, for there is no proof of his ever wearing it at all. The appellation was given him on account of his having assumed the device on the standard of the King of Bohemia, who fell at the battle of Cressy, which was three ostrich feathers on a black ground. From this time the French began to call the Prince *Le Noir*, and in a record of the twentieth of Richard II. he is styled the Black Prince. The King of Bohemia, here alluded to, was blind, and when he was told that the French were in terrible disorder during the battle of Cressy, that his son Charles had been obliged to retire dangerously wounded, that the English had made a dreadful carnage, and that the Black Prince bore down every thing before him by his irresistible valour, he commanded his knights to lead him into the hottest part of the battle against the young warrior. Accordingly four of his attendants, placing him in the middle, and interlacing the bridles of their horses, they rushed into the thickest of the enemy's ranks, and the blind king interchanged a few strokes with the prince; they were, however, soon parted, and the Bohemian monarch and his followers fell in the battle.

The battles of Poictiers and Cressy, in which the Black Prince so greatly distinguished himself, will swim down the tide of time with the glories of Agincourt, Blenheim, Trafalgar, and Waterloo; and the prince under whose direction these victories were achieved, will rank not merely as a distinguished general, but as one whose personal prowess was equally prominent. Nor was he a less generous conqueror. John, King of France, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poictiers, declared, that notwithstanding his own defeat and captivity, his honour was still uninjured; and that, though he yielded to victory, it was at least gained by a prince of the most consummate valour.

When the Black Prince took the city of Limoges by storm, he gave up the inhabitants to slaughter, until proceeding farther in the town, he perceived three French gentlemen, who with incredible courage were alone sustaining the shock of his victorious army. His consideration and respect of such distinguished valour immediately blunted the edge of his resentment, and he began by granting the lives of those three persons, to spare the lives of all that were in the town.

These three heroes, whose names were Jehan de Villemur, Hugues de la Roche, and Roger de Beaufort, when they saw the misery and destruction that was pressing upon themselves and their people, resolved to sell their lives dearly, as true chevaliers ought to do. When the prince in his car came to the spot where they were, he observed with great pleasure their extraordinary acts of valour. The three warriors, after having fought thus valiantly, fixing their eyes upon their swords, said with one voice to the prince, and the Duke of Lancaster, "My lords, we are yours; you have conquered us, dispose of us according to the law." "By heaven," replied the Duke of Lancaster, "we have no other intention, and therefore make you prisoners."

This prince died on the 8th of June, 1376, and was buried in the Cathedral at Canterbury, where a monument was erected to his memory.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

SUCH is woman's love, bending with the slightest breath of air, not breaking beneath the keenest blast of winter. It flourishes in the warm beam of truth, dies not in the cold blight of falsehood. Where is he whose heart beats not responsive to the tenderness of female affection? The earth holds not a being so heartless, but that at times the fond affection of woman must rouse him to feelings, which throw an undimmed lustre over all the darker feelings of his soul. He may be cold in his nature; apathy may dwell in his mind, his bosom may be senseless to, and reckless of, all her shining qualities; but there *are* moments when love *will* warm the coldest, the most insensible; when its brightness will rouse him from his apathy, when its kindness will soothe its very agonies. Love, in woman, is one unclouded ray of dazzling light, the intense glow of the summer's sun; no clouds obscure its loveliness, no storms can chill its ardour, no shades can dull its brilliancy. It shone at first, it shines now, and it will shine on for ever, in one unbroken, splendid beam of celestial beauty. Were I required to name the moment when I would consent that my hopes of joy should fail, I would say the hour when woman's heart shall cease to beat for love; love, pure, faithful, unmixed with the baser feelings of human nature. I am a man, but I can speak of man's love only as a summer's cloud. It is seen, it strikes upon the eye in all the brilliancy of abstract beauty; but it is a mere vision, it has no substance; it is a shade which floats upon the surface, mixes with the other visions of life, and is seen no more! If it be marked with greater strength in man, how does it shew itself? It proves its force, like the storm-cloud, by the destruction of what it was meant to cherish. It drives love's weak vessel, a woman's heart, amongst those rocks and breakers, which, to touch upon, is sure destruction. Man is truly the creature of passion; the finer touches of human nature are strangers to his soul. Cold, insensible, and selfish, what is love to him beyond the influence it may hold over his prospects of pleasure or of passion? It is only in woman's heart that the flower of love finds a native soil. In the heart of man it may flourish for a while as an exotic; but, when the care of the cultivator is withdrawn, when it is no longer watched with careful anxiety, it droops, withers, and dies.

These reflections were the consequence of a meeting, as romantic as it was interesting, which I had the other morning in the Regent's Park. It was early: Aurora, with rosy fingers, was just opening the curtains of Sol's splendid bed; his beams shone upon the clouds, but they reached not to the earth. I had taken advantage of the first fine morning, that had broken upon my slumbers since I had been dwelling in one of the Alpha Cottages. With ardour I hailed the lovely prospect. The trees were budding, the birds were chaunting forth their merry

lays, the park shone in all the brightness of a delightful season. I rushed forth ten years the younger for the brilliancy of the scene. I reached the summit of Primrose-hill. I saw the spot where poor Scott received the wound which changed a happy wife to a mourning widow, and an affectionate family to unprotected orphans. Alfred the Great and his band of patriots arose before me as the triumphant conquerors of the enemies of their country's liberty. No trophy mark the field of their victory, no monument is erected to commemorate the fall of those who died in so glorious a cause. The barrow, if there ever was one, has long since been levelled with the smooth, green turf! Yet the heroes have one memorial which nothing can efface—the heartfelt gratitude of a free nation. This, too, was the spot where Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey fell a victim to the popular fury of the Catholics; and the memory of even this comparatively modern circumstance is sinking fast into oblivion. On the declivity of the hill, instead of Green-berry-hill, now corruptly termed Barrow-hill, some houses have been erected, bearing the latter name, thus assisting to bury in obscurity, if not in oblivion, the awful fate of a man who lived and died guiltless of any crime, but that greatest of all crimes in the eyes of an infatuated sect, the strict execution of his duty.

On the western side of Primrose-hill is another and a smaller eminence, the summit of which has been, beyond the memory of man, bare of all vegetable substance. The popular tradition is, that there two brothers, enamoured of the same lady, met to decide by arms to whom she should belong. Ridiculous idea! that a woman's heart would consent to receive a master from the point of a sword, or trust its hopes of happiness to the hired arbitration of a trigger! Both died at the same time, each by the weapon of his adversary! Here was a melancholy proof of the dark influence of love on the heart of man. Would it have operated thus in woman's heart? No! for with her, love is an unceasing flow of tenderness.

Whilst my mind was filled with these images vividly rising in an overheated imagination, I returned towards the Park. I beheld the sun rise in all its splendour; no clouds intercepted its brightness; it was such a morning as seldom beams over an English landscape, except in the imagination of a poet, or in the eye of a painter. My steps were suddenly arrested by the accents of a female, who, in the most soul-thrilling tones, repeated the stanzas which have acquired so much celebrity from the sentence by which they are preceded in "Quintin Durward,"

"Ah, County Guy,
The hour is nigh."

I saw her standing upon Macclesfield-bridge, her slight form leaning gracefully upon the iron rail-work, and her eyes fixed upon the water below. There was a wild vacancy in her eyes, which told too plainly that madness was in her brain. A pallid cheek, generally the indicator of heartfelt woe, was in her case doubly eloquent. I stood beside her; but such was her mental distraction, that she heeded not my presence. I laid my hand upon her arm, and asked her what she sought so earnestly in the water below?

"A respite from sorrow!" was her reply.

"What sorrows can be thine? Scarcely can thy young life have seen eighteen summers, and has sorrow already so deeply shaded thy young hours? If practicable, I would gladly alleviate thy distress."

"Ah, Sir! you are kind; but there is only one who could soothe my griefs, and he is not here. Ah! County Guy!" as she uttered these words she sighed deeply.

"He loved you, then?" and, observing that she was in deep mourning, "and is no more!" I added, "Poor girl! thy grief is deep, and time can be thy only remedy."

"Ah, no! he is not dead, but he has left me to mourn in secret over my woes."

"Come, cheer up, think not of him: he who could forsake one so lovely is not worthy that you should regret him. Let me lead you home—will you trust yourself with a stranger?"

"Oh, yes! for strangers are always kinder than our friends. But where is County Guy? He should perform that office for which I am now obliged to a stranger."

"And whither shall I lead you? where is your home?"

"My home! I have no home—home comprises all we love on earth—all on earth we hold the dearest—all that gives joy and pleasure to the heart; but mine—mine is desolate."

Whilst she was speaking, a young lady came round the park-railings, from the inner circle, and approaching the poor bewildered maid, exclaimed, "Louisa! my dear sister, why will you thus wander forth alone? come, mamma is so uneasy! how can you leave us thus?"

"Is she your sister?" said I.

"She is, Sir: why do you inquire?"

I briefly informed her of what had passed between us; and subsequently I learned the particulars of her melancholy story. I cannot, however, repeat it with the simple eloquence of that young girl,

the soul-touching plaintiveness of whose mournful voice vibrated through every fibre of my frame. It appeared that her elder sister, Louisa, the object of my first attention, had by some chance, whilst at school in Kent, conceived a deep affection for a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who professed as ardent an attachment to her. Personal interviews proving impossible, letters alone could impart their thoughts, their hopes, their fears. To prevent discovery he chose the fictitious name of County Guy, and she Isabel St. Clair. Their correspondence continued for some time after Louisa had left school; but her youthful lover's passion had subsided, and he had long since ceased to hold "converse sweet" with the once worshipped idol of his heart. Soon after the cessation of his epistolary effusions, Louisa's brother, an only brother, and one whom she had dearly loved, died, and her brain had failed beneath the accumulation of grief so violent.

Such was the short, sad history of poor Louisa! may it prove a warning to every youthful fair, who honours it with her perusal, not to engage her affections too deeply until certain that the object is worthy, not to engage too readily in clandestine correspondence, from which nothing but sorrow can ensue.

W. H. L.

ON THE ORIGIN, NATURE, AND DESIGN OF SCULPTURE.

(For the Mirror.)

SCULPTURE is an art which, by design and solid matter, imitates the palpable objects of nature. It is difficult to ascertain the epocha of its origin, which appears lost in the most remote antiquity. The arts of imitation, in general, as painting, architecture, sculpture, &c. were the first invented. Sculptors began to work upon clay and wax, which are more flexible, and more pliable than wood and stone.—They soon made statues of trees, which were neither subject to corruption nor worms, as the lemon-tree, the cypress, the palm, the olive, the ebony, and the vine: at last they made use of metals, ivory, and the hardest stones;—marble, especially, became the most precious matter, and the most esteemed for works of Sculpture.

The people amongst whom this fine art was held in the greatest honour were the Egyptians; those people so celebrated by the monuments of their gratitude towards the memory of the kings, their benefactors. It was to perpetuate their names that they erected, in the earliest ages, the two colossal statues of Mocrus, and the queen, his spouse.

The Egyptian sculptors excelled all others in exactness of proportion.—The different parts of a statue were often formed by diverse artists, and these parts united made the whole perfect.

The Greek historians boast of the invention of that art in their country, which they attribute to love. However, it is certain that the first essays of Sculpture in Greece were very unpolished; but Dedalus, having travelled into Egypt, improved himself in this art, and formed afterwards pupils, who became the admiration of a people whose taste was not yet refined by the elegant statues of Phidias, Myron, Lysippus, &c.

The Greeks, subdued by the Romans, degenerated insensibly; and the arts vanished with their freedom.

Sculpture was an exotic which never could thrive in victorious Rome;—its transient glory was eclipsed by the other arts in the reign of Augustus; it declined under Tiberius, Caius, and Claudius, and re-appeared with increased glory under Nero.

The Gothic Sculpture sprung afterwards from a wild imagination, unassisted by nature.

The epocha of Sculpture is the same in France and Italy. The celebrated Michael Angelo worked in Rome, under the pontificate of Leo. X.; whilst John Goujon was admired at Paris, under the patronage of Francis I. The English advanced by slow degrees to the perfection of that art, in which they now rival their ancient masters.

The sculptors gave the name of statue to a figure in embossed work, that stands by itself, in wood, stone, marble, or metal, of persons conspicuous by their birth, their rank, or their merit.

The ancients often represented figures of men, kings, and even gods, under a species of statues smaller than the natural size. Those of persons who had distinguished themselves by their superior knowledge, their virtues, or some important services to the common-wealth, were erected at the public expense, in statues of human size.

The third species of statues were designed for kings and emperors. They were taller than men commonly are; and those which personated heroes were larger in proportion.

As for the colossal statues, they represented gods, and often kings and emperors, desirous to magnify themselves by these stupendous works, reared at their own expense, monuments of their vanity and folly. An equestrian statue exhibits

a man on horseback, as the statue of Charles I. at Charing-cross; the statue of Henry IV. at Paris; and that of Cosmo de Medicis, at Leghorn.

The Greek statue is naked and antique: thus called, because the Greeks displayed in that manner the gods, the heroes, and the athlets of the olympic games. The Roman statues are all represented with drapery.

A Mausoleum is a pompous funeral monument, decorated with sculpture and architecture, with an epitaph sacred to the memory of some considerable personage. It derives its etymology from the magnificent tomb which Queen Artemisa caused to be erected for Mausolus, king of Caria, her husband.

Heroes, patriots, and statesmen, are not only entitled to the love and veneration of their contemporaries during their lives, but their virtues and services ought to be transmitted to the latest posterity. This vanity of surviving our dust by lasting monuments of national gratitude, has prompted men to the most noble actions, and inspired them with the emulation of being enrolled in the records of time, with those great heroes whose statues and inscriptions they contemplate with a sort of ecstasy. The tombs in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, fill the mind with that awful reverence which a magnificent and grateful nation testifies for its benefactors; and like the portraits of the illustrious warriors, who have subdued our inveterate enemies by 'flood and field,' when exposed to public view, they create a kind of admiration for the spirit and magnanimity so becoming the character of a powerful empire. F. R—y.

THE KEY-BROOCH.

(For the Mirror.)

AND dost thou deign to ask a key,
And that, my Emma, that from me?
And dost thou think I can decline
A wish so *wish'd*, and sweet as *thine?*
O, no!—for I to thee would part,
The' they were blood-drops from my heart.
Go, envied brooch!—go there, and rest,
Where no rude hand has vilely press'd:
Go, guard, since Emma wills it so,
Those charms,—the power you ne'er can know:
Go, *envied key*, and be caress'd
On Emma's soft, unspotted breast!
Be thou the genii of those hills
That ev'ry balmy sweet distills!
Keep close from ev'ry prying eye
The twin's emotion, low or high!
Let no rough wind, I charge thee, blow
On skin more white than driven snow.
And, Oh! when there, try, learn, dear key,
If e'er that bosom *throbb'd* for me!
Unlock, search well, where love doth lie,
Yet, use not force, but gently try:
For know, 'tis Emma's self must give
The doom that bids me *die* or *live*!
Now, haste!—haste to that *seat* of bliss
A monarch would be proud to kiss!
And as fond sighs will sometimes steal,
And speak what love would fain conceal,
Inspect her *eyes*, if they disclose
From whence the dear intruders rose.
But, trifler, hence! thou can'st not *see*,
Nor *hear if Emma sighs* for *me!*
O, could—could I your face supply,
On wings, yes, wings of joy, I'd fly!
Kiss that warm *breast*, so soft and fair,
And *make* my earthly heaven there!

UTOPIA.

LORD BYRON'S WILL.

[THE eagerness with which Nos. 85 and 90 of the *Mirror*, containing the Memoir, Recollections, and Portrait of Lord Byron have been purchased by the public, has induced us to continue collecting every thing new, and interesting relating to this distinguished individual, and as some incorrect statements respecting his Will have been published, we feel much pleasure in being able to give the only important articles in this highly interesting document.]

ED.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, described of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, by his will, dated 29th of July, 1815, directs his Manor or Lordship of Rochdale to be sold; also his estate at Newstead, in the county of Nottingham, (of which he had not conveyed) £60,000 out of the sale of the latter estate, to be applied for the trusts contained in his marriage settlement, and the remainder thereof, together with the proceeds arising from the sale of the Rochdale estate, to be invested in the funds by his trustees, and the interest to accrue therefrom, to be paid to his sister, Augusta Mary Leigh, (wife of George Leigh, Esq.) for her own sole use; and after her death to go to her children. He appoints his friends, John Cam Hobhouse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and John Hanson, of Chancery Lane, Esqrs., Trustees and Executors of his Will, and then adds, that he makes the above provision for his said sister and her children, in consequence of his wife, Lady Byron, and any children he might have by her, being otherwise provided for.

By a codicil, dated at Venice, the 17th of November, 1818, the testator gives unto Allegra Byron, an infant of about twenty months old, by him brought up, and then residing at Venice, £5,000, on her attaining the age of twenty-one, or day of marriage, (on condition she does not marry a native of Great Britain); in the meantime the interest to be applied for her maintenance. In case she should die before twenty-one, or being married as aforesaid, the said £5,000 to fall into the residue of the testator's estate.

The probate of the Will was taken under £10,000.

PUNNING.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—From the gracious manner in which you inserted the jokes of

a punster defunct, though a long time ago, (in No. 71) I am induced to forward you another cargo for the edification of all young gentlemen who may suppose (for it is a mere hypothesis) in the exuberance of their accommodating imaginations, that they are gifted with the art of punning: and likewise for their (i. e. the *punnikins* aforesaid) further and better erudition in the above art, I shall endeavour to preface these repartees, (shall they be called so?) with an observation or two on punning: and for the information of the reader, I shall be as brief and *pungent* as any punning gent of your acquaintance, and I hope, as a *pun* itself.

A man who wishes to be called a punster must not stick by the way—he must be incessantly on the *qui vive*, the longer he thinks, the longer he will think; and if he do not endeavour to answer the repartee of his opponent *instanter*, such is the velocity these shadows of wit require, that the mind loses its wonted quickness, the speaker is confused, and the joke might as well be said to remain in his bowels as in his head. For instance, when a man observes he knew a carpenter and joiner who was a very learned fellow—now only imagine a carpenter and joiner a learned scribe—what presents itself to a punster on the instant? Why, very naturally he would say, if his head was not as dull and dry as a log of wood, that the carpenter's head was stored with "wise *saws* and modern instances"—and for the sake of continuing the thread of the joke, he will instantly scrape together, in his imagination, the cognomen of each tool in a carpenter's chest, &c.—for then he will possess images for the formation of a pun, and however bad it may be, it sets the invention on the stretch, and better will be sure to succeed it; for a pun must either be very good or very bad; the middling, steady sort of a joke of some antiquated 'Change Alley merchant is worth naught. "Mediocribus esse poetis, non di, non homines, non concessere columnæ," as Horace hath it.

Now again—a pun that is bad from its very remoteness, and because others imagined that no such joke existed in the word they themselves had conned and mangled for the purpose of extracting a joke—I say, a pun on this account alone is more acceptable, because, though it may not strike at once, the very remoteness and incongruity of the joke, ensure it a hearty laugh. If a man who wishes to produce a pun, *waits* till he can make a good one, in course of conversation, the flow of wit will be finished, probably, ere he can produce the *fag* end of a joke; for a pun that is made after the engagement, if I may so term it, is over, fails to attract the notice it otherwise would.

Exempli Gratiâ.

A person going through Windsor Park was asked whether George the Fourth had *reigned long*; he replied, he "has stags that have *reign deer* (reigned here) much longer."

A gentleman observed to another, that an *officer in the army* had left his house without paying rent; "Oh!" exclaimed his friend—"You mean the *left-tenant*."

A poor poet who *drank* considerably, and was in *debt*, was termed a *dram-atick* poet, and was subject to the *rheumatic* gout!

A man who *keeps a house* and *tears a garment*, is a *renter*.

A punster goes into a friend's *garden*, and observes he dabbles in the *stocks*; says, if he has *time*, he always goes near the *mint*; says you need not *pine*, for you are at least worth a *plum*; and he is only compelled to stop for a *hearty-choke!*

An *alley* covered with blood is like the story of *Mirhsa*—being an *alley-gory!*

The *figure* of Achilles, in Hyde Park, still remains in *statu* quo.

Am-*phib*-ious animals are generally given to *fighting*.

A man that runs against a *wheel-barrow* may be compared to an instrument of science, for he is a *baro-meter!*

A poor poet was surnamed *A-nack-re-on-tick*, from *a knack* he had of going *on tick!*

"Mr. Kean," observed one, "is playing at *Cork*:" "I hope," cried another, "he *draws* full houses."

A bell-founder is like the *Goddess of War*, being a *bell-owner!*

A *male* duck is like an Athenian philosopher, his name being DRACO!

A gentleman seeing a regiment of grenadiers, said, they put him in mind of the *God of marriage*, because they were HIGH-MEN.

A *giant weeding*, and said to be *melancholy*, weeds with a *high-hoe!* (*heigh ho!*)

BETA.

*** Our correspondent has observed, that a pun must either be very good or very bad. We believe none of our readers will deny his claim to one of these qualities, and with regard to the qualifications, we deem them nearly equal.—*Ed.*

My Common Place Book.

No. IV.

"EVERY thing suffers by translation," says my Lord Chesterfield, "except a Bishop." I have rarely met a neater ex-

emphfication of this remark than in the following brilliant, easy, and *free* translation, by a youth, doubtless of first-rate classical attainments:—"*Cæsar venit in Galliam summadiligentia.*" "Cæsar came into Gaul on the top of the Diligence."—But *apropos* of translation.—A Frenchman one evening addressed the late Dr. B. in the following complimentary strain:—"Sare, I have had the *honneur* of *traducing* you in French!" But from bad translations let us pass to good poetry.

AMID THE WEST, THE LIGHT DECAYING.

BY C. H. TOWNSHEND.

AMID the West, the light decaying,
Like joy, looks loveliest ere it dies,
On Ocean's breast the small waves playing,
Catch the last lustre as they rise.

Scarce the blue curling tide displaces
One pebble in its gentle ebb;—
Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces,
In meshes fine as fairy's web.

From many a stone the sea-weed streaming
Now floats—now falls—the waves between,
Its yellow berries brighter seeming,
Amid the wreaths of dusky green.

This is the hour the lov'd are dearest,
This is the hour the sever'd meet:
The dead—the distant, now are nearest,
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet.

Mrs. S. thinks I am "a bit of a poet"—have some serious thoughts of trying my hand after such encouragement. I think it would be an excellent speculation, and one that would take, to endeavour at improving the nursery rhymes of the present generation.—Oh! it horrifies my faculties, after rising from the perusal of Byron's "Lines to Thirza," to hear a shrill voice stuffing my ears with such sublimities as the following:—

"Hush-a-bye Baby, pussey's a lady,
Daddie is gone to the mill;
He'll be home by and bye, and bring Baby a pie,
And so pretty Baby lie still."

Or—

"Little Bo-peep hath lost his sheep,
And knows not where to find 'em;
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tail-toddles behind 'em!"

CLIMATE.

OURS is a most varying one—all the four seasons of the year in the same hour sometimes: not favourable this, either to health or longevity. "The moon of Italy is," it has been affirmed, "warmer than the sun of England."—This is not quite true I should guess. We shall see, however, for the dog-days are not very far distant.

TO PEACE

BY C. H. TOWNSHEND.

WHILE wrapt I lie near this lone waterfall,
Gazing upon it, 'till at every gush
The waters seem with wilder force to rush,
And whiter foam, adown their rocky wall,
While o'er me, high in air, yon cedars tall
Wave their wide arms; come, gentlest Peace! and hush
Each thought, at which thy virgin cheek might blush;
And, if thou can'st, thine empire past recall
Within my breast. Ah! wherefore should'st thou fly?
I do not love the world's turmoiling sphere;
Ambition never hurl'd me from on high,
No dreams of wealth excite my hope or fear;
Then why to me thy soothing voice deny?
Ah! wherefore vainly do I woo thee here?

THE man of the world sometimes pardons hatred, but never contempt. In the most polite and civilized times of ancient history, we find that revenge and pride were invariably among the practical virtues. *What say the Scriptures?*

THE diamond that falls in a dung-hill does not become thereby less precious; and the dust which the wind elevates high in the air does not thence become less vile.

ENDEAVOUR, by a truly-polite and conciliating courtesy, to stand well (as far as principle and the dictates of a tender conscience will permit) with every body, whatever their rank, station, or wealth may be. Cannot a feeble enemy hurt us? Cannot a spark cause a conflagration?

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

O'LEARY was as poor as Job,
But love in poverty can please us;
He saw the widow Bouarobe,
And lov'd, for she was rich as Croesus.

Punctual the love their bosoms own,—
He was sincere—she, none could doubt her;
She loved him for himself alone,
And he—*he could not live without her!*

TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

O! my good-looking, hopeful, sweet, beautiful aspirants after literary fame! whether ye resolve upon immortalizing your elegant selves in prose or in verse, let me implore ye to beware of printing any sentence, phrase, or word in *Italics:* it is just as intolerable as a man clutching ye by the button of your coat, to ensure an audience to some fearful long story.

SIMPKIN.

DUSTY BOB'S LAMENT.

AND is she dead? Oh! is she gone?
Shall I ne'er see my love again?
Must I with grief and sorrow moura?
Oh! is my Cookey from me ta'en?

And shall I never see her more?
Can she be gone from me for ever?
It is too true: her race is o'er!
Treat me again—Oh, never, never.

No roast, no stew'd, no boil'd, or fry'd,
No melted butter, or cow-heel,
She'll give to me: had she not died,
I might have hoped for these things still.

But, she is gone; and I'm bereft
Of her my heart, my soul adores:
She's dead, and Dusty Bob who's left
Heart-broken—thus her loss deplores.

Farewell, my Cockey! Oh, farewell!
No other maid on earth, I swear,
Shall I behold, or love so well:
None—none to me will be so dear.

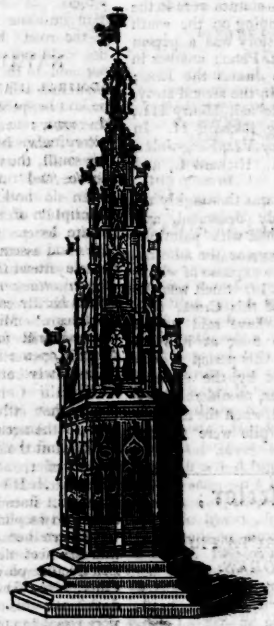
April 26, 1824. DUSTY BOB.

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

To almost every house in Lower Canada, there is an oven out of doors, built very rudely of stone, and covered with a large piece of bark. When a Canadian gets a little beforehand, so that he is able to keep his own horse and carriole, he notches the lowest tier of shingles on the roof of his house, and if worth a little more, he notches the next tier above, and so on. By these manifestations, the traveller is able to distinguish the different grades of nobility.—If a man has a commission in the militia, he has a pole about twenty feet high, raised near his house. The winter dress of the Canadians is a sort of great coat which falls a little below the knees, and buttons before, with a sash round the waist. Fixed to the top of the great coat is a headpiece, similar to those on our old fashioned red cloaks, which is made of two square pieces of cloth, so that when it falls on the back, it makes a triangle, which reaches about a foot down.—They wear a blue conical cap, some of them are a foot and a half high. The headpiece of the great coat is not turned up unless it is quite cold. What they wear under this coat I do not know, as I never saw one with it off. The Canadians all adhere closely to the customs of their forefathers, and the manners, appearance of their villages, dress, vehicles, and knowledge, is the same as it was two hundred years ago. They are not so tall as the Yankees, and they have a close resemblance to their horses, short and stubbed. I heard a person here say that as he was crossing one of their farms, he observed a stone which might be easily removed, lying half way across the path. He asked the man why he did not remove the stone? Why, he said, his fathers before him had lived a great many years upon the farm, and they had gone over the stone, and he could do it as well as they. Very few of them can read. They say their fathers never knew how to read, why should they need to any more than their fathers. A man told me he saw a Canadian building his house with one corner to the road; he asked him why he did not build square to the road, as it would not add to the expense or trouble. He answered, it happened so; the first stone he laid happened to be at an angle with the road, and he must build his house accordingly. As you enter Montreal from the south, the view is striking; the stone houses and tin roofs being quite a novelty. I shall not give you a particular description of the town, but defer it to a future letter. There are a great many balls and assemblies here, and the oldest people attend them. A man takes with him his wife and daughters, and a person is hardly considered respectable that declines attending. It is no uncommen circumstance for a woman of fifty or sixty to open a ball, and the oldest would if they were able. The master of the family I live with is Monsieur ———, a Frenchman, who came from France before the American revolution. He was in the United States through the revolutionary war, and afterwards settled in Canada. He is by profession a painter, but at present does but little at it. He has finished two pictures for a church since I have been here; they are ten feet high and six feet wide. One is a picture of St. Cecilia playing on an organ; the other, King David with his harp; and both possess considerable merit; the drapery was all so natural, and the colours so proper, that I never was weary of looking at them. He is also a great musician. He can play on almost any instrument, and he has a great variety in his house. He has a grand piano-forte, and to hear him play on it some of Pleyel's sonatas is enough to convince me that he is either an elegant player, or I am not a judge of melody. Mr. ——— is a composer of music. He is the author of the "March to Boston," which I knew was made by a Frenchman, but before I did not know by whom. Madame ——— is larger than the Canadian women in general, and has better talents and education. There is one peculiarity in her dress, and in all Canadian women. She wears two capacious pockets, in which are a number of penknives, scissors, pin-balls, thread-cases, handkerchiefs, and a large snuff-box (an article inseparable with the French) well charged with maccabaw. She speaks handsome French and very plain, which is to my advantage in getting the pronunciation. They have two daughters married to merchants in Philadelphia.

Coventry Cross.



" Thy mould'ring Cross, with ornament profuse,
Of pinnacles and niches, proudly rais'd,
Height above height, a sculptur'd chronicle!"
Jago's Edge Hill.

AMONG the most celebrated Crosses in England, was the Cross at Coventry, begun in the year 1541, and finished in 1544; an example of the perfection to which the ornamental Gothic style of building had at that time arrived. Sir William Hollis, formerly Lord Mayor of London, (son of Thomas Hollis, of Stoke, near Coventry) left by his Will £200. for the building of this Cross, after the form of one erected at Abingdon, in Berkshire, as is testified by the following extract from his Will, dated December 25, 1541:—

"And furthermore, I give and bequeath unto the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Coventry, and to the Commons of the same £200. sterling, to the intent and purpose hereafter enjoining, that is to say, to make a new Cross within the City: whereof delivered in hand to Mr. Warren, draper, of the said city, the 24th day of August last, £20. in ready money: and also more paid to Mr. Over, by the hands of Salt, my bailiff, of Yoxall, £70. in ready money, and so resteth unpaid £110. sterling, which I will and desire my executors see to be delivered and paid unto the said Mayor and Aldermen of Coventry aforesaid, to the use and intent aforesaid, within one year after my decease, &c."

This Gothic pile was hexagonal, each side seven feet at the base, finely diminishing, pyramidically, in three stories fifty-seven feet high, with eighteen niches. The canopy was beautifully adorned with statues, some of which were brought from the White Friars. The pillars, pinnacles, and arches, were enriched with a variety of figures, with flags, on which were displayed the arms of England, or the rose of Lancaster; representations were also added of the founder, trades, and companies; and the whole was so finely finished, that it was inferior to none in

England, for workmanship and beauty. On the summit of the uppermost story was a figure of Justice, with other gracious attributes. The statues were in the following order, beginning on the south side:—In the upper story was a person in a religious habit, St. Peter; another in a religious habit, St. James the Less; and St. Christopher. In the second story, Edward III., St. Michael, Henry III., St. George, and King Richard II. In the lower story, Henry VI., King John, Edward I., Henry II., Richard I., and Henry V.

In 1660, the Cross was thoroughly repaired, and so highly decorated, and sumptuously embellished with painting, gilding, &c. that it became the admiration of the times; the expense of which amounted to £276. 2*s.* 1*d.* Such was the splendid appearance of this Cross, that some old inhabitants have said it was almost impossible to look at it when the sun shone. From this period it was wholly neglected, and by the gradual operation of the weather, mouldered away and decayed until 1771, when the remains of this once splendid pile were wholly taken away.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

DESPAIR.

"AS lords their labourers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil, with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum.
Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven."

Redgauntlet.

BURKE AND SHERIDAN.

IN the debate in the House of Commons, on the Volunteer Bill, some squibbing took place with Mr. Sheridan; Mr. Burke observed, that long speeches without good materials were dangerous, quoting some popular doggrel of the American war—

"Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations.
"Bow, wow, wow."

When the wit, fancying that the first line of the couplet, if not the second, applied rather too forcibly to him, keenly retorted by saying, that he remembered some other lines from the same approved author—

"Now it hapt to the country he went for a blessing,
And from his state daddy to get a new lesson;
He went to daddy Jenky, by trimmer Hal attended,
In such company, good lack! how his morals must be mended.
"Bow, wow, wow."

Prior's Life of Burke.

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

ADMIRAL MATHEWS AND CAPTAIN CORNEWALL.

MATHEWS was walking his stern gallery, when he was saluted by Captain Cornewall thus: Cornewall—'*How do you do, Sir?*' Admiral Mathews—'*Do!* I can do nothing; look at the Vice-Admiral!' Cornewall—'I have looked at him long with concern.' Mathews—'By G—, every one of these ships will get away from me!' Cornewall—'*I think if you attack these here* (meaning the Spaniards directly to leeward) you may stop them.' Mathews—'Do you think so, and will you second me?' The Captain answering in the affirmative, they immediately bore down into action.

Captain Cornewall had both his thighs shot off, and he had only life to express the agony he was in, by shaking his head at the surgeon below. He was the idol of the Navy, and a great ornament to it. He had been directed by the Admiral, immediately before he bore down, to attack the Real, in which he was determined either to conquer or die: this was his inflexible resolution, and he strictly adhered to it to his last gasp.—Courage was far from being his only endowment; his genius and knowledge were equal to any task that could be set him in his profession: few persons came up to him, and none surpassed him. *Mr.* Mathews passed the short remainder of his days in peaceable retirement, and died at last considered by most people as entitled to their honourable compassion; which is the tribute in degree next valuable to regret and public applause.

BATTLE OF THE BRISTOL AND LA JONQUIERE.

THE Bristol having got up to the Invincible, and brought her to action, the Pembroke attempted to get between them, desiring the Captain of the Bristol to put his helm a starboard, or he should be onboard of him; to this Captain Montague replied, 'Run on-board and be d——; neither you nor any other man shall come between me and my enemy.'

GAME COCK.

To show, in a striking manner, what it is in the power of particular circumstances, apparently trifling, to effect in the most

critical situations, may be related in a remarkable occurrence which took place in the battle of the 1st of June, on-board the Marlborough. When that ship was entirely dismasted, and otherwise disabled by the extreme severity of the conflict; the Captain (the Hon. G. Berkley) and the First Lieutenant (Sir M. Seymour) severely wounded; the ship so roughly treated that the remaining officers were considering of the necessity of surrendering,—a *cock*, having escaped from his coop, suddenly perched himself upon the stump of the main-mast, clapped his wings, and crowed with extreme vociferation. In an instant three hearty, exhilarating cheers rang throughout the ship's company. All classes immediately renewed their efforts to defend the ship; victory at the same time appearing to be inclined towards the British fleet, and succour being rendered to the Marlborough, she was happily rescued from her perilous situation.

LORD HOWE'S BATTLE.

On that important day, when Great Britain, single-handed upon the ocean, first opposed herself to the infuriated spirit of revolutionary France; Lord Howe, deeply impressed with the magnitude of the charge intrusted to him, zealous for his country's honour, and perhaps inwardly *exulting* in the prospect before him, could not conceal from the Master (the skilful Palinurus of the fleet) his great anxiety to penetrate the enemy's line in the very spot and manner previously determined on. Fearing that the ship of the French Commander-in-Chief and his second astern would not give him *room* to enter, he called the attention of the Master, Mr. (now Commissioner) Bowen, to that object. The undaunted seaman replied, conning the ship from the poop-ladder into battle, 'Never fear, my Lord, we'll *make* room enough for ourselves presently!'

His Majesty's ship, the Brunswick, was distinguished by a large figure-head of the Duke of that august house, proudly riding the waves, with his hand upon his sword, and a laced hat upon his head. This figure was, in the heat of the battle (1st of June) deprived of his hat by a cannon ball. The crew of the Brunswick, not feeling satisfied that their great leader should continue uncovered in the face of his enemies, sent a deputation, in form, to the quarter-deck, to request that their Captain (John Harvey) would be pleased to order his servant to give them his *laced cocked hat* to supply the loss. The Captain, of course, immediately complied; and the hat, *nailed* upon the head of the figure, remained there the rest of the action!—*Ekins's Naval Battles.*

PIRATES OF CUBA.

In the month of December last, Aaron Smith, a seaman, was tried at the Admiralty Sessions, Old Bailey, for piracy, and acquitted, on the ground of his being forced to do as he had done by the Pirates of Cuba, of whom he gives the following account:—

"A quarrel took place between two of the crew, and a desperate fight with knives ensued, of which the rest were cool spectators. The battle was for a long time doubtful, as both fought with equal skill and an equal degree of caution, notwithstanding they were intoxicated, until one fell with a severe stab in the left breast, bleeding profusely. I was instantly called to administer to the wounded man; and it was in vain for me to declare that I knew nothing of the healing art. The captain swore at me, and said he knew to the contrary; for the Master of the Zephyr had informed him that I had cured and saved the life of his sail-maker, who had fallen down the hold; and therefore, if I did not cure him, he would serve me in the same manner. I saw it would be useless to make any reply; and, therefore, having procured bandages, I staunched the blood and dressed his wounds in the best manner I was able. Having attended to one patient, I was then obliged to turn my attention to his antagonist, who had not escaped unhurt. When I had completed my task, I was carelessly complimented on my skill, and asked if the wound was mortal; which question I evaded, by saying I hoped not.

"The guests were scarcely gone, when the captain went below, and inquired of the least injured of the wounded men the cause of their quarrel. He hesitated at first to tell, and supplicated that he might be forgiven for his neglect in not having furnished him with the important intelligence before. This being granted, he told the pirate, 'that his antagonist was one of the party formed by the chief mate to assassinate him and the whole crew, and take possession of the ship and plunder.' That officer, he informed him, had gone to the Havannah for the express purpose of bringing some more men, and that they were to put the plan into effect when himself and the crew were either asleep or inebriated. I saw that his brutal temper was excited by this information; his eyes flashed fire, and his whole countenance was distorted. He

vowed destruction against the whole party, and, rushing upon deck, assembled the crew, and imparted what he had heard.—The air rang with the most dreadful imprecations; they simultaneously rushed below, and dragged the helpless, wounded wretch upon deck, and, without taking into consideration that the accusation against him might be unfounded, proceeded to cut off his legs and arms with a blunt hatchet, then mangling his body with their knives, threw the yet warm corpse overboard. Not contented with having destroyed their victim, they next sated their vengeance on his clothes, and every thing belonging to him, which they cut in pieces and threw into the sea."

"While off Cape Buonavesta, a boat full of men, of the chief mate's party, appeared, coming towards the schooner, when the captain ordered his men to fire, and five were killed; another jumped overboard, but was taken, and most barbarously treated. Wounded and bleeding, he was exposed naked to the scorching heat of a July sun of a tropical climate, in order to make him confess.

"The man persisted in his plea of innocence, declared that he had nothing to confess, and entreated them all to spare his life. They paid no attention to his assertions, but, by order of the captain, the man was put into the boat, pinioned, and lashed in the stern, and five of the crew were directed to arm themselves with pistols and muskets, and to go in her. The captain then ordered me to go with them, savagely remarking that I should now see how he punished such rascals, and giving directions to the boat's crew to row for three hours, backwards and forwards, through a narrow creek formed by a desert island and the island of Cuba. 'I will see,' cried he, exultingly, 'whether the musquitoes and the sand-flies will not make him confess.' Prior to our leaving the schooner, the thermometer was above ninety degrees in the shade, and the poor wretch was now exposed naked to the full heat of the sun. In this state we took him to the channel, one side of which was bordered by swamps full of man-grove trees, and swarming with the venomous insects before mentioned.

"We had scarcely been half an hour in this place when the miserable victim was distracted with pain; his body began to swell, and he appeared one complete blister from head to foot. Often, in the agony of his torments did he implore them to end his existence, and release him from his misery; but the inhuman wretches only imitated his cries, and mocked and laughed at him. In a very short time, from the effects of the solar heat, and the stings of the musquitoes and sand-flies, his face had become so swollen that not a feature was distinguishable; his voice began to fail, and his articulation was no longer distinct. I had long suspected that the whole story of the conspiracy was a wicked and artful fabrication; and the constancy with which this unfortunate being underwent these tortures served to confirm my suspicions. I resolved, therefore, to hazard my interference, and, after much entreaty and persuasion, prevailed upon them to endeavour to mitigate his sufferings, and to let the poor wretch die in peace, as the injuries which he had already sustained were sufficient of themselves to occasion death. At first they hesitated; but, after consulting for some time among themselves, they consented to go to the other side of the island, where they would be secured from observation, and untie him and put something over him. When we had reached that place, we lay upon our oars, and set him lose; but the moment he felt the fresh sea breeze he fainted away. His appearance at this time was no longer human, and my heart bled at seeing a fellow-creature thus tormented. When our time was expired, we again tied him as before, to prevent the fury of the captain for our lenity, and once more pulled for the passage on our way to the vessel. On our arrival, his appearance was the source of merriment to all onboard; and the captain asked if he had made any confession. An answer in the negative gave him evident disappointment, and he inquired of me whether I could cure him. I told him he was dying; 'then he shall have some more of it before he dies,' cried the monster, and directed the boat to be moored within musket shot in the bay. This having been done, he ordered six of the crew to fire at him. The man fell, and the boat was ordered along-side. The poor wretch had only fainted: and when they perceived that he breathed, a pig of iron was fastened round his neck, and he was thrown into the sea. Thus ended a tragedy, which, for the miseries inflicted on the victim, and for the wanton and barbarous depravity of his fiend-like tormentors, never, perhaps, had its equal."

Pirates of Cuba.

COMMERCE DE MARSEILLES.

A CURIOUS occurrence took place at Plymouth during the Royal visit to the Dock-yard, in the year 1787. At this time, the great North Dock was construct-

ing by Mr. Parlby, the architect, by whom the docks and public buildings at that place and at Portsmouth were erected, under the direction of the Navy Board. The good old King (George the Third), always interested and inquisitive in the affairs of his Navy, discovered, by the plans laid before him, that the builder was exceeding the dimensions given him, and inquired the reason of this deviation from his instructions. Mr. Parlby informed his Majesty, that the French were then building, at Toulon, a first-rate ship so large that none of his Majesty's Docks were capable of admitting her. He, therefore, considered it necessary to enlarge this one a little, that the Commerce de Marseilles might have one dock in England fit to receive her. This so pleased his Majesty, that he immediately called the Queen, to let her know what Mr. Parlby had told him, and both were highly delighted. It will be scarcely less gratifying to the English reader, than it was to Mr. Parlby, to learn that the first ship ever taken into that dock was this very Commerce de Marseilles, becoming ours at the surrender of Toulon, in 1794.

PYRAMIDS OF THE SUN AND MOON.

After a vain inquiry for the celebrated Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, or of St. Juan de Teotihuacan, we set off for Otumba, in the expectation of finding them near that place,—a ride of two hours over a fine country, on which the number of handsome Spanish churches and *haciendas* exceeds that of any part of Mexico through which I had yet travelled. We arrived at the commencement of the mountains, on which there was not a vestige of vegetable soil or vegetation, the whole being a soft, iron-coloured stone, in which the continual passing of horses had worn deep tracks up to the animal's knees, and not more than fourteen inches wide, in which tracks it is very requisite to keep, in order to save the traveller from a worse road. We had thunder all the afternoon, and towards evening it rained in torrents, so that the dry beds of the rivers were in an hour filled, and poured their muddy waters in floods to the Mexican Lake, where, depositing the earthy parts, it must in a short time be filled up. Upon descending the mountain, we first caught a view of the two Pyramids on a plain in front of us, at about five or six miles distant, and another hour brought us, drenched with rain, just before dark, into Otumba, the first place reached by Cortez after his defeat. At this place, after being refused admittance at several houses, we with some difficulty procured shelter in an empty carpenter's shop, where, in our wet clothes, having no fire, upon a bare floor of mud, without food, but not without appetite, we had a prospect of passing the night; but, observing a fire in a cottage near, I ventured to enter, and finding only an old woman and some children, I seated myself. The old lady was not at all pleased at my intrusion; but a few medias given to the children, and a dollar to herself, soon produced us bread and eggs;—we dried our clothes, and having procured dry boards to repose ourselves upon, we passed the night in the carpenter's shop better than we expected.

Good bread and excellent chocolate were provided for our breakfast. After a stroll round the city, which is said to have once contained 50,000 inhabitants, we examined two curious ancient columns, richly sculptured; called upon the Padre, but he could give us no information respecting the Pyramids, although they were in full view from the windows of his house. We then left this wretched and deserted place, where even the water is so bad, that necessity alone can induce any person to use it, and proceeded to the stupendous remains, from which we were now distant about a league and a half. As we approached them, the square and perfect form of the largest became at every step more and more visibly distinct, and the terraces could now be counted. We rode first to the lesser, which is the most dilapidated of the two, and ascended to the top, over masses of falling stone and ruins of masonry, with less difficulty than we expected. On the summit are the remains of an ancient building, forty-seven feet long and fourteen wide; the walls are principally of unhewn stone, three feet thick and eight feet high; the entrance at the south end, with three windows on each side; and on the north end it appears to have been divided at about a third of its length. At the front of the building, with the great Pyramid before us, and many smaller ones at our feet, we sat down to contemplate the scene of ancient wonders:—where the eye takes in the greater part of the vale of Mexico, its lake and city, and commands an extensive view of the plains beneath, and the mountains that bound the west of the valley.

It was at this place that Cortez fought and defeated the innumerable army of the Indians; after the horrible night of desolation, he expressly says, that he arrived on the plains near Otumba; he ascended an eminence, and discovered the whole district covered with armies; de-

spair filled every breast, except the intrepid leader's. The unnumbered host of Indians arrived, and closed round the small band of Spaniards, when the dauntless Cortez, with a few horsemen, charged furiously that part of the enemy where the royal banner was carried; the bearer was killed, the banner taken, and the whole of the immense multitude fled in consternation from the field, offering no further interruption to the retreat of Cortez through Otumba to the territory of Tlascalla.

I think there can be little doubt that these immense structures, which vie with the Pyramids of Egypt, were, at the period we are speaking of, in the same state in which they are now; and that it was on ascending one of them that Cortez beheld the approach of the great Indian army. There is no other eminence near, which could have answered the purpose; and if these had been objects of veneration, as temples, or places of military strength, of the people, then in use, they would, no doubt, have been defended, and he would not have been permitted to have approached them. On descending, we partook of some refreshment we had brought with us, and our Indian guide procured us some *pulque*, which was very acceptable. I went to a cottage close by, in which were several children almost in a state of nature. I tried to entice them by presents, but could not prevail on them to come near me: they seemed much terrified at our white faces and odd dresses. We mounted, and rode to the several small barrows that are scattered in various directions round the base of the second, and on the road to the largest Pyramid; in some places they form regular streets, running east and west.

Not far from the great Pyramid, near a gate, lay an enormous stone, with a few sculptured ornaments. It is apparently of great antiquity. A boy, who had followed us, observing that we viewed it with attention, took my son a little distance through a plantation, and shewed him another of great dimensions, covered with sculpture, with a hole in the top—he supposed it a stone of sacrifice.

We soon arrived at the foot of the largest Pyramid, and began to ascend. It was less difficult than we expected, though, the whole way up, lime and cement are mixed with fallen stones. The terraces are perfectly visible, particularly the second, which is about thirty-eight feet wide, covered with a coat of red cement eight or ten inches thick, composed of small pebble-stones and lime. In many places, as you ascend, the nopal-trees have destroyed the regularity of the steps, but no where injured the general figure of the square, which is as perfect in this respect as the great Pyramid of Egypt. We every where observed broken pieces of instruments like knives, arrow and spear-heads, &c., of obsidian, the same as those found on the small hills of Chollula; and, on reaching the summit, we found a flat surface of considerable size, but which has been much broken and disturbed. On it was probably a temple or other building—report says, a statue covered with gold. We rested some time on the summit, enjoying one of the finest prospects imaginable, in which the city of Mexico is included. Here I found fragments of small statues and earthenware, and, what surprised me more, oyster-shells, the first that I had seen in Mexico; they are a new species, and I have brought specimens home. In descending I also found some ornamental pieces of earthenware, the pattern one of which is in relief, much resembling those of China; the other has a grotesque human face. On the north-east side, at about half-way down, at some remote period, an opening has been attempted. This should have been from the south to the north, and on a level with the ground, or only a few feet above it; as all the remains of similar buildings have been found to have their entrances in that direction. Dr. Oteyza, who has given us the measure of these Pyramids, makes the base of the largest six hundred and forty-five feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-one in perpendicular height. I should certainly consider that the latter measurement is considerably too little, and that the altitude is about half the breadth. As to the age of the Pyramids, and the people by whom they were erected, all must be a matter of mere conjecture; no one whom I could meet with in Mexico knew or cared any thing about them. None of the inhabitants had even been to see them, though, from the cathedral, both of them, as well as Tescoisingo, containing the bath of Montezuma, are distinctly visible.

Bullock's Six Months in Mexico.

Select Biography.

No. XIII.

MARGARET CAVENDISH,

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

(For the Mirror.)

It is the most interesting employment of the human mind to trace through the dark mists of time, those actions, pur-

suits, and researches which were attached to the characters of our ancestors. For, although the sun of their glory has gone down, and for ever veiled its splendours from our sight, yet the recollection of their virtues brings home to our hearts, kindles in our memories, feelings of respect and veneration, and inspires our souls with the most noble and generous fires of admiration, hopefulness, and love.

The amiable and illustrious subject of this memoir, like the modest flower which is exposed to the variableness of all seasons, cultivated a spirit which blossomed, notwithstanding the storms and turbulence of the reign of the unfortunate Charles, flourished beauteously, and rendered her the brightest ornament of her sex.

Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, a man of family and fortune, was born at St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, towards the latter end of the reign of James I. She lost her father while in her infancy. Margaret was thus early bereft of a parent who was dotingly fond of her; and the only desire and expiring wish of Sir Charles was, that the greatest care and attention should be bestowed upon his daughter's education. With the liveliest joy her friends witnessed an early taste gradually unfolding itself with her tender years; and before she had arrived at the age of eleven, she was familiar with the Eclogues of Virgil, and discovered a pure, refined, and classic disposition of mind. She devoted the greater part of her time to the studies of the arts, sciences, and general literature. In 1643, the Court residing at Oxford, whither she obtained permission from her mother to go, she was chosen maid of honour to the queen, Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I. The family of the Lucases ever distinguished themselves in the interests of the strictest loyalty; therefore, Margaret accompanied her royal mistress, when driven from England by the turbulence of the times, to take refuge in her native country. At Paris she became acquainted with the Marquess of Newcastle, then a widower, who, already prepossessed in her favour by his friend, Lord Lucas, her brother, became attracted by her merits, and offered her his hand and heart. They were married in 1645, and from Paris passed to Rotterdam, where they remained six months. Thence they repaired to Brabant, to the city of Antwerp, where, quietly enjoying the remnant of their shattered fortunes, they continued during the remainder of their exile. In this retreat, Margaret, by her talent and virtues, cemented the affection and confidence of her husband, who, respected and esteemed by his countrymen and foreigners, confined himself principally to the society of his wife, of whose value he proved his high and just sense by various elegant compliments and addresses. The Marquess becoming entangled in pecuniary embarrassments, the Marchioness returned to England, with a view of obtaining the rents due to her husband, for the supply of their necessities, and the repayment of the debts they had been compelled to contract. With the supply obtained from their relations, the Marchioness returned to Antwerp, where she continued with her husband till the restoration of Charles II., on which event the Marquess, after sixteen years' exile from his native land, made preparations for returning.

The Marchioness remained at Antwerp for a short period after the departure of her husband to settle their affairs; which having successfully effected, she rejoined him in England, where the remainder of her life was devoted to domestic tranquillity, and to the cultivation of the *belles lettres*. She kept a number of young ladies in her house, whom she occasionally employed as her amanuenses; some of them slept near her chamber, that they might be ready to rise in the night at the sound of her bell, and commit to paper any ideas that occurred to her. She produced no less than thirteen folios, ten of which are in print. In speaking of herself she says, "That it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endow her with a poetic and philosophical genius even from her birth, for she did write even in that kind before she was thirteen years of age."

By this account it appears, that she began to write philosophical treatises previous to having read any: her speculations must, of course, have had the merit of originality, since she was nearly forty years of age, she informs us, before she perused any philosophical authors, "in order to learn the terms of art."

Nothing can more strongly shew the vacillating character of the times, and how little faith is to be placed in the judgments and opinions of the *literati*, for her writings, which then received the most extravagant encomiums and lavish compliments from learned bodies and men of eminent erudition, are now sunk into neglect. Some specimens of this adulation have been given by Mr. Granger, from a folio volume, now scarce, of "Letters and Poems," printed in 1676, consisting of 182 pages, filled with the most extravagant and hyperbolical panegyrics on the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, particularly on the Duchess, from the Universities of Leyden, Cambridge, Oxford, &c. The author of the "Connoisseur," in his "Vision of Parnassus,"

speaks handsomely of the Duchess, whom he represents as being assisted in dismounting from Pegasus, on whom she had firmly kept her seat, while he had galloped with her out of sight, by Shakspeare and Milton. He even hints that the latter borrowed many of the finest thoughts in his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" from this lady's "Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy."

A humorous anecdote is related of the Duchess. Dr. Wilkins, a man of genius and imagination, author of an "Essay on Philosophical Language," projected the art of flying, when the nature of air was but little understood. He attempted, in one of his projects, a journey to the moon. "But, Doctor," said the Duchess of Newcastle, "where am I to find a baiting-place in my way to that planet?" "Madam," replied he, "of all the people in the world, I should the least have expected this question from your Grace, who, having built so many castles in the air, may lodge every night at one of your own."

The Duchess wrote plays, poems, orations, and philosophical discourses. Of dramatical writings, a species of composition for which she had a peculiar predilection, she is said to have been the most voluminous. The fertility of invention which is displayed in her plots and dialogues atones, in some degree, for their various defects. It is said of the family of Lucas, "that all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous."

The person of the Duchess was graceful, and her manners reserved: she was indefatigable in study, humane, generous, and pious: she was an admirable economist, an excellent wife, and a kind mistress.

She died in London towards the end of the year 1673, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey, where an elegant monument is erected to her memory, and to that of the Duke, who died at 84 years of age, in 1676, and was buried with his wife. M. N.

THE DIORAMA.

We understand that this most attractive exhibition will close in a few weeks. We almost regret this, for, although it is only to paint new views, yet we confess we have been so delighted with Sarum and Canterbury Cathedral, that we fear to lose them, lest the artist should not be equally successful in his next attempt. To surpass the pictorial illusion in these scenes, particularly that of the Cathedral, we deem impossible.

Although the expense of such an exhibition is very great, yet we understand that the public-spirited proprietors have been fully reimbursed; and we have heard that the receipts on one day (Easter Monday) exceeded two hundred pounds.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

LONG ACRE.

Among the entries in the council books of the time of Edward VI. is the mention of a grant from the king to the Earl of Bedford and his heirs male, of the *Convent Garden* and the meadow ground called *The Long Acre.*

HALF-A-DOZEN MISERIES.

Writing upon a thin sheet of paper, with small crumbs of bread under it.

Toasting a bit of cheese, and when it is more than half done, letting it fall into the ashes.

Being seized with a sneezing fit in going down a dance with a very delicate, fine lady.

A false calf shifting round in a dance.

Sitting down alone in a large party upon a sofa which makes an "equivocal noise."

Being obliged to shave with cold water in the month of January.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Draughtsmen, No. III., and several other articles intended for our present *Mirror*, shall appear next week, when we shall give an *Unpublished Poem*, by the Right Hon. Geo. Canning.

Venedotia, Bion, P. T. W., and *T. D.*, in our next.

We have received several original tributes to the memory of Lord Byron, which shall appear soon.

Historicus's Life of Cromwell in an early number.

To *C. H. B.* our best thanks. The drawings so kindly forwarded shall be engraved.

Belinda's Verses are pretty, but they are old acquaintance.

We are sorry that the articles alluded to by *J. W. D.* are mislaid, but we shall seek for them in a day or two.

The Devil's Walk, though good, is too well known.

We have received several articles on Alfred the Great, which we shall notice in a memoir of him soon.

Communications from the following are intended for insertion as soon as we can make room for them:—*Utopia, J. B. T., Alpheus, Proteus, Vivgan, M. N., Jacobus, B. B., Guillaume, Claudi, M. K. S., Derlington, I. M. C., Frederic, Johannes, J. G., H. C. ^, J. W. D. K., Archie Aliquis, T. M. . . . r, Tuber, Jean*, and *T. L.*

I. S's Poetical Prayers, H. M. C. on Greece, and *Y. K., T. P. Cato*, do not possess sufficient attractions for the general reader.

Several communications have been received which we have not room to notice.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.